

PUBLIC



LEDGER

WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1867.
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1895.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1912.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



A man is like the moth that flies
Around the flame in reckless mimes;
do not try to put him wise—
He thinks he's having a good time.

Sard's correspondent of the Mayfield
says J. H. Houchens will locate in
Cincinnati.

Charles Weigle, who conducted ser-
vices throughout the recent Penn Grove Camp-
meeting, is dead.

Ira Warren of Aberdeen has accepted the
leadership of the Sard's Public Schools and
will take charge next Monday.

Clarksville Defeats Frankfort

The Clarksville, Tenn., club of the Kappa
League won the championship of the Class D.
League by defeating Frankfort, having won
four out of the six games played.

**AN ATTRACTIVE FRONT DOOR
ADDS SEVERAL TIMES ITS COST
TO THE VALUE OF A HOUSE**

We have a large stock to select from and the prices
are within your reach. Remember we carry all kinds
of lumber and a big stock of rubber and asphalt
roofing.

OHIO RIVER LUMBER CO.,
UNION STREET, NEAR SECOND.

In the Market For a WHEAT DRILL

Then Our "New Peoria" Is What You Want

It has perfect working discs, fitted with dust proof chilled
bearings, single draw bars that will not gather trash, staggard
spoke wheels with 7-inch hub and 3-inch tires, continuous rear
bar with truss rod to support seat and keep drill from sagging,
direct pressure in rear of disc; a feature we claim will make
this drill work perfectly in any land suitable for sowing grain
and where other drills cannot be operated. A seat in center
of drill convenient to lever is also furnished. Drop in and let us
show you what this drill can do, and furnish you with the
names of a score of satisfied users. One feature of our drill
that puts it in a class by itself and makes it superior to all
other drills on the market is the "Peoria Disc Shoe." You
won't find the disc shoe on any other press drill on earth, the
Peoria people have that feature cinched and they are going to
hang on to it. If you want to know why we can grow more
wheat to the acre after this drill than any other with the same
amount of grain sown, come in and let us explain to you the
"New Peoria Disc Shoe Drill."

We Have Just Gotten in a Full Stock of
Fine Baling Wire

Mike Brown
THE SQUARE DEAL MAN

Mr. Alfred M. Sutton of Moransburg is on
the sick list for a few days, but is somewhat

Miss Margaret Hunter of Huntington, W.
Va., is the guest of Miss Nannie Thompson of
East Third street.

A force of sixty linemen of the C. & O.
Railroad are rebuilding the railroad telephone
lines from Huntington to Cincinnati.

BEERS COMMANDER

Grand Army Veterans End Los
Angeles Encampment

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—September 13th.—Judge
Alfred D. Beers of Bridgeport, Conn., was
elected commander in chief of the Grand Army
of the Republic at the closing session of the
encampment here today. Selection of the
next meeting place was left to the executive
council. Other officers chosen were:

Senior Vice Commander—Henry Z. Osborne
of Los Angeles.

Junior Vice Commander—Americus Whead-
on of Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Geraldine E. Frisby of San Mateo, Cal.,
was named President of the Woman's Relief
Corps.

OLIVES OF ALL KINDS!

Prices range from 10¢ a bottle up. Our Olive trade is one of our
hobbies. Come in and let us show you the biggest, best lot you ever saw.
Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar.

Phone 43.



**LET UNCLE SAM
GIVE YOU THE FACTS**

Government reports show the steady
output of coal during the last few
years has made the dealers push for
wider markets. We are going to get
more trade—your trade—by giving
you a greater value for your money.
You will never get out of debt unless
you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.
PHONE 145.

When needing dental work call on Cartmel

FOR SALE

1 GROCERY DELIVERY WAGON
1 RUBBER TIRE BUGGY
1 STEEL TIRE BUGGY

At a bargain. Come on and see how cheap I will
sell all three of them.

J. C. CABLISH

LUMBER and MILL WORK!

The best that can be had. Come and inspect our stock
and tell us your requirements. It will be a pleasure for
us to explain the quality and suggest the best for your
purpose. We will save you money. A trial and you will
be convinced. Our stock is complete and your order filled
in haste. In the heart of the city.

THE MASON LUMBER CO.

Incorporated.

Cor. Limestone and Second Streets. 'Phone 519.

Agents for Deering Machinery. **Maysville, Ky.**

A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.

UNION MADE
HAND MADE
BEST MADE

Golden Glory
"GLORIOUSLY GOOD"

POWER & DAULTON
CIGAR CO.
MAKERS
MAYSVILLE, KY.

DR. J. L. WYLIE

Mr. Louis Hotze, one of our good citizens,
is quite sick at his home above town.

And Son, Frank, Badly Injured in
an Auto Accident Near Ripley

DR. TRACY'S LECTURE

Fine Audience Out Last Evening to
Hear Illustrated Temperance
Talk

Dr. Tracy's illustrated temperance lecture
last night at the Third Street M. E. Church drew
a fair sized audience notwithstanding the
many other attractions in the city.

The speaker called upon the clergy of
Maysville to assist him in stirring up a
moral awakening, which he declares Maysville
needs at present.

The Doctor's lecture was high-class, while
the temperance object lessons thrown on the
canvass were vivid and soul stirring.

LOVELY MEETING

Woman's Club Reception to
Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Smith

Smith a Beau-
tiful Affair

Occasion a Worthy Tribute to a
Brilliant Woman

The Public Library last evening was the
scene of a delightful reception and social
function given by the Mason County Woman's
Club in honor of Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Smith,
the handsome and talented President of the
Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Smith was the guest of Mrs. Stanley
Forman Reed, President of the local Woman's
Club, while in Maysville.

This distinguished lady is a niece of
Governor McCreary and is now the quasi-
mistress of the executive mansion at Frank-
fort, his excellency being a widower; therefore

Mrs. Smith is "the first woman in Kentucky,"
and right well does she deserve that honor
both in looks and intellect.

Last night before a brilliant assemblage of
over a hundred members of the Mason County
Woman's Clubs, Mrs. Smith made her initial
appearance here as the titular head of the
State organization of women and she was most
cordially greeted and welcomed to Mason county
and to Maysville. She was introduced by
Mrs. Reed in a few appropriate remarks and
she then addressed her most appreciative audi-
ence, her subject being: "The Purpose and Plan
of the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs."

Mrs. Smith is a pleasing speaker, charmingly
at ease and overflowing with native wit and
simplicity of style, which captured her hear-
ers. She speaks for the entire womanhood of
Kentucky, and in unfolding the plan and pur-
pose of the woman's organization, her prin-
cipal and leading thought is the elevation of
woman, the child and the home. It is good to
see such intelligent effort made in our state
for the emancipation of women from the hor-
rors of drudgery, ignorance and monotony,
which has and is wearing away the lives of
hundreds of millions of the female sex.

The women of Kentucky must be taught
the right way to live to bring them all the
higher and easier enjoyments which are theirs
by the grace of God, and assistance of man and
helping voice and hand of the women who
already know how to live.

Mrs. Smith's talk was a gem of good and
clustered points as those who were there and
gave careful attention to her remarks will
fully agree.

Miss Jessie O. Yancey then spoke briefly of
the grand work being done in Kentucky for
the conservation of children's eyesight.

The event was a most happy one from every
viewpoint.

Mrs. Lida Berry, pianist, Miss Amy King,
vocalist, and Mr. Robert Straus, violinist,
charmed all with their exquisite conditions.

Following the reception to Mrs. Smith at
the close of the gathering, very delicious re-
freshments were served by Traxel.

A silver offering will be taken at the door to
help meet expenses.

Prices range from 10¢ a bottle up. Our Olive trade is one of our
hobbies. Come in and let us show you the biggest, best lot you ever saw.
Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

By Dr. N. W. Tracy at the Third
Street M. E. Church Sun-
day Night

Subject, "The Footsteps of the Prodigal
Son, or Man's Responsibility to His Brother Man"

Sunday night, September 15th, at the Third
Street M. E. Church, Dr. N. W. Tracy will de-
liver his celebrated illustrated sermon, "The
Footsteps of the Prodigal Son, or Man's Re-
sponsibility to His Brother Man."

One of the strongest pleas for "human sym-
pathy" ever delivered from an American pulpit.
The parable is illustrated in pantomime from
beginning to end; 75 spectacular tableaux.

The beautiful solo, "The Holy City" and
"Ninety and Nine," will be sung and illustrated,
closing with the grand transformation scenes
from the "Rock of Ages."

A silver offering will be taken at the door to
help meet expenses.

Prices range from 10¢ a bottle up. Our Olive trade is one of our
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Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar.

GEISEL & CONRAD.

PUBLIC LEDGER

Cider Vinegar!

And the very best of SPICES for pickling.

Demonstration National Biscuit Co.'s Goods Saturday.

DINGER & FREUND

LEADING RETAILERS,
MARKET STREET.

WEATHER REPORT

RAIN TODAY, COOLER; SUNDAY
CLEARING AND COOLER.

Rev. J. Ralph Combs and wife left this
morning for their new charge with the M. E.
Church, South, at Bloomfield, Ky. Rev. Combs
is a Godly man and the departure of this
young couple from Maysville is a loss to our
moral element.

Young Walker Awarded Cup

Master H. M. Walker of Rectorville, this
county, has the distinction of winning the first
premium, the handsome silver cup offered by
the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association
in the students judging contest of three and five
gaited saddle horses, at the State Fair at
Louisville this week. Under the rules he will
have to win the cup again before it becomes
his property. His knowledge of how to judge
a horse was remarkable, so the judges stated.

TWO SPECIALS!

POUND BAR PURE:
CASTILE SOAP: :: :: :: :: 15 Cents

Armour's Extra High Quality
Toilet Soap, While They Last :: :: 5 Cents

M. F. WILLIAMS & CO. "Big Drugstore With
the Little Price."

D. HECHINGER & CO.

OUR ENTIRE LINE OF 1912 AND 1913

FALL STOCK

In now ready for your inspection. All we desire to say in this "Ad." is, we have provided for the needs
of the multitude. Splendid Wearing Suits for the economical, \$7.50 to \$10. For the more lavish dresser,
young man an elegant line of Suits, comprising the newest colorings and fabrics made in English, Semi-
English and Norfolk models, \$18 to \$20.

Our College Brand Clothes are the acme of the highest art productions—\$22.50 to \$28.50.

Stetson, Knox and Imperial Fall Hats in the latest shapes and colors.

Try on an Eagle Cap; they are very chic and will be very popular.

"Boys School Suits at big reduction."

D. HECHINGER & CO. Maysville's Leading Clothing and
Shoe Shop.

Good Man

Mr. John Roper, who gave excellent service
as umpire in the Blue Grass League the past
season, has been tendered a similar position
in the Southern League for the season of 1913.

Hair-Dressing Helps.

If you are looking for hairpins so perfectly finished
their smooth polished surface cannot pull the
finest hair nor hurt the most tender head you will be
delighted with the pretty square top, three inch long
shell pins we sell for 25¢ a dozen. Carefully packed
in a neat box. Hairpins not only for convenience
and comfort but pretty enough to also be classed
ornamental. Amber and tortoise.

Steel hairpins are also finding much favor with
careful dressers. 10¢ a package.

Pretty new Barrettes have just arrived. 25¢, 50¢.

The new Forward Combs are 10¢ and 25¢.

1852

HUNT'S

1912

Mrs. R. F. Carter of Bartlettville, Okla.,
who has been spending a few weeks here with
her parents, Circuit Clerk and Mrs. J. B. Key

left yesterday morning for her home, accom-
panied by her mother, who will spend several
weeks with her daughter.

Globe Stamp Co.

For Good Goods and
Globe Stamps Patronize

MERZ BROS., Drygoods,

C.

PUBLIC LEDGER.

A. F. CURRAN, Publisher.

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY

After all, a pennant is only a flag.

Dictrating is the latest addition to the English vocabulary.

If you are in favor of pajamas, as against nighties, tell it to the manufacturers.

Man's best friend at present is the electric fan. It is better even than a snowbank.

If Boston wins the American league pennant baked beans will become the national dish.

A Philadelphia policeman is going into vaudeville. Going to do a sleep-walking act, probably.

What a happy little world this would be if we could only shovel snow in the summer time.

Speaking of civilization, Chinese women once crippled their feet but never wore tight skirts.

A Missouri woman has written a book with her toes. Probably it was made up from footnotes.

The letter-carrier will be glad when the vacation season with its flood of foolish post cards is over.

An aviator fell 200 feet without being hurt, but this is no proof that aviation is being made safer.

If a lobster is "not an animal," what is it? You can't classify it either as a vegetable or as a mineral.

A Long Island woman eloped the other day with a liverman. We supposed livermen had become obsolete.

Eat six times a day, if you want to be healthy, says a New York doctor, but not if you would be wealthy, too.

Man in Vienna shot himself because three girls were in love with him. He was loved not wisely, but too well.

Farmer in Ohio says he owns a cat with three heads. Think of listening in the still night to a cat with three voices.

Woman in New York has left all her money to her lawyer, probably on the theory that he would get it anyhow.

The recent death of the 185 year old Mexican must have been a happy one. Think of living 185 years in Mexico!

Man in Indiana ate a gallon of ice cream at a single sitting. All of which goes to show how easy it is to break a record.

A New York woman says she loves her horses better than she does her husband. Probably she doesn't drive them as hard.

The fear that the price of shaves may be fixed under the patent law need not alarm. There is no law against whiskers.

However, perhaps we ought to be glad that the girls are showing a tendency to wear their own hair in fascinating little bunches.

Archaeologists in Asia have run across remains of a nation that once worshiped the peacock. But the peacock, in all his glory, was not arrayed as one of these up-to-date damsels.

A scientist says that Cleopatra would, if now alive, be put in lunatic asylum, but she might put the alienist there first.

The mayor of Boston says that women know less about flying than men. They know more, because fewer of them are doing it.

"If you want to be beautiful, do your own washing," says one of the doctors. Most women will prefer the drug store brand of beauty.

A cow up York state is said to have caught a fish with her tail, but who wants to fish with a cow? Fawny casting a cow in trout stream.

Woman up state wants a divorce because her husband insists on talking politics. This comes under the head of cruel and inhuman treatment.

Theaters without orchestras? Without the shivery music, how are we to know whether the villain is hunting mushrooms or creeping up to the sleeping hero to stab him through the heart?

A contemporary asks: "Can a married man be a hero?" Yes, verily, he shows his heroism by marrying.

Let us remark in charity that perhaps some of the young women on the street never realized how unclothed they were until they saw it in the papers.

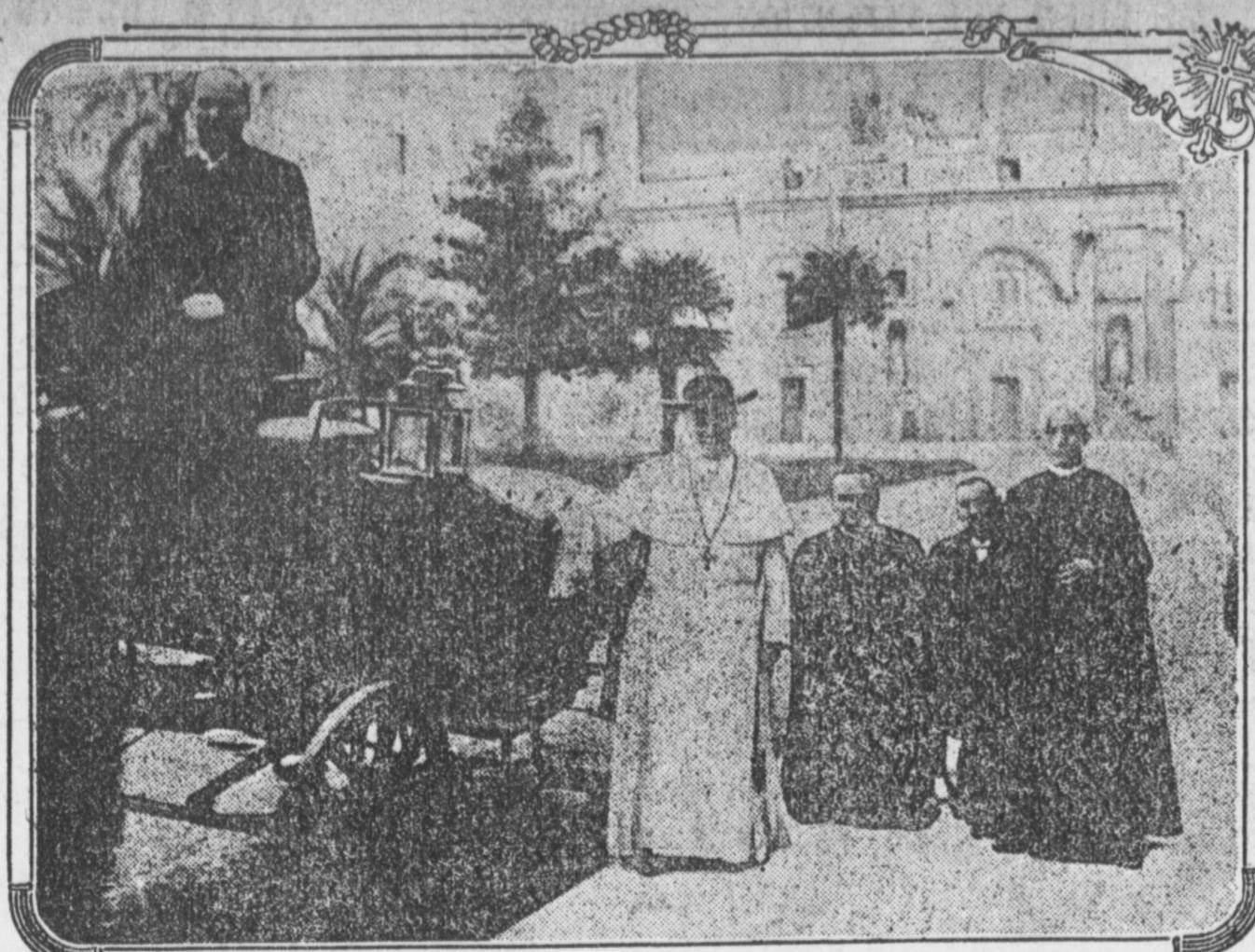
The treasury department plans to make paper money smaller in size, but not because the ultimate consumer is troubled with enlargement of the bank roll.

That pupil of aviation who fell 200 feet without being hurt is of the type that should succeed in aviation.

A linguist tells us that there are 6,000 known dialects, but the lingo an umpire uses when he announces the batteries will always be an unfathomable mystery.

Real reform has finally struck wicked New York. The humane society there is threatening to prosecute the owner of a troupe of trained seals for putting their collars on too tightly.

PIUS X TAKING OUT DOOR EXERCISE



THIS photograph, showing Pius X taking a promenade in the gardens of the Vatican, is being given wide publicity as indicating that the pope has recovered from his recent indisposition.

NEED GLOVES NOW

Success of Finger-Print System Hard on Crooks.

Has Been Means of Securing Many Convictions and Its Use Is Being Adopted More Widely by the Police.

Indianapolis.—Burglars operating in Indianapolis in the future will have to wear gloves, as the detective department henceforth will pay more attention to the practical side of the finger-print system. Captain of Detectives Holtz, on a recent visit to New York, found the detectives there were making use of the finger-print system, and he believes it will be a great help in solving burglaries.

The detective department here has used the finger-print system since it was adopted by the national bureau of identification. It has been used, however, more in identifying prisoners with the Bertillon system. After a prisoner has been brought in and his Bertillon identification has been completed, the finger-print cards were used to verify the identification more completely.

"When I was in New York recently I found the police department using the finger-print system to identify burglars who leave finger prints around the 'job' they have done," said Captain Holtz. "Several large burglaries have been cleared in the east through finger prints, and the detectives there say burglars now wear gloves when they are at work."

"I have always believed the finger prints practical in police work, frequently the finger prints of safe blowers are left on the door, and the ordinary burglar is apt to leave finger prints around a door or window."

"The trouble is, the finger print to be of any service to police work, has to be very clear, or the expert is unable to see enough lines to make an identification."

Bert Perrott, Bertillon clerk, is also the finger-print expert. Perrott, since he has taken up the finger prints in connection with the Bertillon work, has shown great skill. Recently, as a test, a glass bottle was taken into the detective department at roll call. Previously the detectives had gone to Perrott's office and he took the impression of their finger tips.

After leaving the bottle Perrott returned to his office. Detective Frank

Duncan picked up the bottle and carried it to the other side of the room. Perrott then took the bottle to his office and compared the finger prints with those he had taken of the various detectives. He picked out Duncan as the man who had handled the bottle.

The advantage of the finger prints of the burglar to the detective is if the burglar has ever been arrested of a larceny charge a record of his finger prints has been taken. The expert goes to the scene of the burglary, takes an impression of the finger prints, and then compares it with the card he has on file.

Fingerprints' Novel Methods.

Warsaw.—Foodpads who infest the suburbs of this town have hit on a novel way of robbing peasants' carts as they drive in laden with provisions.

The peasant drives while his wife sits at the back of the cart to keep guard. The thieves jump onto the cart, put their arms round the woman's waist, kiss her and hustle her with endearing terms. Off runs the outraged husband to catch his wife.

Meanwhile the Don Juan's accomplices take away the provisions and disappear into the forest.

When the peasant finally gets back his wife finds he has been robbed of all but the cart. The trick is practiced with great success.

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FIND FAMED WARRIOR'S BODY

Workmen Discover Tomb of Andrea Morosini in Venetian Church—Mummy Also Found.

Newark, N. J.—Mrs. Joseph Collins of 37 Cleveland avenue, Harrison, received a postal card stating that her husband had died in the tuberculosis hospital in Laurel Hill, Secaucus, and that unless his body was claimed at once it would be buried there. Collins is an inmate of the institution,

and the last his wife heard from him he was improving rapidly. Mrs. Collins became hysterical and neighbors who heard her cries went to console her. It was noticed by one of them that the card was unsigned and that the postmark showed it had been mailed in Harrison instead of Secaucus.

When neighbors were consoling Mrs. Collins, another took the card to the police station, and the sergeant on duty telephoned to the hospital inquiring as to Collins' condition. Word came back that he was out for a walk.

The police will try to learn who played the alleged "practical joke" on Mrs. Collins.

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The peasant

AUTOMOBILE COAT



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The steamer shawl will be utilized in automobile coats in the coming winter. The material is of different colored Scotch wool, with plaid collar and cuffs. The original shawl fringe encircles the bottom of the coat, which is of three-quarter length. A white felt hat completes the costume.

ESDEN IDEAS COME BACK

Festival is a Natural Result of the Fat That Calls for the Panier Draperies.

With the revival of the pannier series comes back the decided emphasis on dresden silks, with all the subtle colorings that we associate with the Dresden shepherdesses. Pinks, blue, yellows and pale green are the backgrounds on which are wrinkled, fascinating bouquets, garlands and even baskets of flowers.

The dresden silks and satins are particularly adapted to suit the coatees that are incorporated on afternoon and evening frocks for summer. They are not so striking in contrast with a plain, thin fabric and there is great scope for color combinations and flower effects.

The rose season, so noticeable in fashions for the summer, is a timely one for flowered mulls, organdies, muslins, voiles and chiftons with which the dresden silks effectively combine.

Hats covered with dresden taffeta are decidedly chic. Bridesmaids now are favoring hats of this type to continue the idea of the dresden coats thrown over simple and usable frocks in white or plain colors.

Little dresden silk slippers for the rest hour add a new touch to the negligee set, especially if bindings or trimmings of dresden silk be used on the gown.

Dresden sashes, with an extra line of the ribbon quilling trailing in and out among the bunches of flowers, are accepted by womankind as an idea that makes the assurance of beauty doubly sure.

It is undeniable that the dresden colorings in designs that are varied and inexpensive are a factor in the general beauty of summer styles. Are you using them?

Toledo Jewel Work.

Ladies' souvenir cases are the prettiest of trifles. They are made as flatly as possible, sometimes with two or more places, but sometimes only with one, like a dainty powder box. One of the latest fads is to have them made of enamel in vivacious colors and another notion favors the gold inlaid with black of Spanish jewel work. This Toledo ornamentation is in fact very popular for personal adornment, but for toilette and specimen table ornaments. One also sees Toledo decorated hair-combs and lorgnettes.

Yellow For Autumn.

Yellow is enjoying a return to favor which has been lost for several seasons, and among the new colors which will be placed on the market next season are many yellow tones. Already Paris is exulting in burnt orange. Along with it go sulphur and amber. In addition there is chartreuse, the lovely limpid yellow of the cordial; flame yellow, whose intensity makes it becoming only to certain complexions, and canary, another vivid hue.

Silk Apples on Hats.

The black hat is amazingly popular at the moment in London. White is the favorite trimming, but yellow makes a very close rival. A black hat that I admired immensely had the rather low crown completely covered with bunches of small silk apples in varying shades of yellow, brown and pale green. A few apple leaves, very yellow ones, were mixed in between, and both fruit and leaves were kept as flat as possible.

Lace and Pearls.

An original headress is a simple mob cap of lace, encircled with a string of priceless pearls, and with one of the new straight feather cigarettes standing erect in the front. For the girl whose hat is not one of her best points these caps are a godsend; but it always seems to me a pity to cover up so completely a really pretty head of hair.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF BUSINESS WOMAN

(The plain business woman and her sister, who has been pressed into service for the occasion, enter the millinery section of a large department store).

Business woman (plaintively)—"It does seem to me that I am never free from the thrall of the hat. Just after Christmas it begins to hang over me like a pall, and when the spring hats really begin to sprout in the windows I get perfectly morbid." (Speaks very humbly to haughty saleswoman.) "If you could wait on us, please, it would be so kind of you. Something small, if you please." (To sister while haughty saleswoman departs in search of hat). "Dear me! I wish I didn't get so positively abject on these occasions. I know some people who really get a bitter satisfaction out of sailing into exclusive millinery establishments, where the hats are dreams of beauty and becomingness, and demanding to be shown confections whose prices send the cold chills down one's back, and then departing with a dissatisfied shake of the head. But not so I. I fell impudent when I cast even a glance at the wonderful things."

(Haughty saleswoman returns balancing a hat on her hand. She looks bored to extinction. Business woman removes her much battered, squashy and obviously home made headgear and hands it to her sister. She looks doubtfully at the hat in the saleswoman's hand).

Business woman—"It looks awfully big."

Saleswoman—"It's the smallest hat in the house, madam. Small hats are not worn at all."

Business woman (hastily)—"Oh, of course, I know the hats are all big. But you see my face is so small that when I get one of these large things on I look just like a monkey. I really don't think it's worth while for me to try it on. I'm sorry to trouble you, but if you could find something that wouldn't sit quite so far down on my head, I'd be so much obliged." (She smiles pathetically and the saleswoman flounces away).

Sister (disgustedly)—"You're worse than abject, Sarah. You're perfectly maudlin."

(Haughty saleswoman returns and suddenly engulfs business woman in a hat about two feet high and with a crown like a scrubbing pail).

Business woman (gasps)—"Oh, dear! Where am I? Why, really, don't you think this one is bigger than the other?"

Saleswoman—"No, madam; it is not."

Business woman (looking forlornly and apologetically toward showcase)—"But some of those hats are smaller, aren't they? I think I'll just step over and look at them." (She gathers up her belongings with the air of detected sneak thief and sidles over to the showcase. Haughty saleswoman turns away with an air of deep disdain.)

Business woman (almost in tears)—"Why won't they be nice to me? If they only realized it, I'm such an easy mark. A kind person could sell me anything."

Sister (impatiently)—"Oh, have a little backbone. I'm perfectly ashamed of you. Now, there's a pretty hat and a little one at that. Ask that girl over there to take it out and show it to you."

Business woman (after bracing herself to the effort of addressing another goddess of the millinery world, fades away in deep humiliation upon being told that the price of the hat in question is \$25)—"She could tell by the quiver in my voice that it was not for the likes of me."

Sister—"Why didn't you make her take it out and show it to you, any way? That's what they're here for."

Business woman (after vainly traveling up and down and around and around counters and showcases)—"Do you suppose if I wore one of these I would lose my job?"

Sister—"Here, try this one. Now, if you had a big bandeau so that you would look a little as if you had on a hat and not a necklace."

Business woman (gratefully)—"How cheering you are! She peers out from under the hat with the air of a startled rabbit! Would you mind asking one of the saleswomen if they have bandeaus?"

Sister (after pursuing saleswoman around the counter and finally bringing her to bay)—"I want a large bandeau. One that will hold a hat up off the head."

Saleswoman (languidly and without offering to move)—"You mean a halo. No, we don't carry them. They're not worn." (She resumes her important occupation of gazing dreamily into space. Sister returns to business woman, who is still in a millinery eclipse. She regards business woman thoughtfully for a moment. Then a triumphant light suddenly comes into her eyes. She fairly snatches the hat from the business woman's head).

Sister (gleefully)—"They don't have halos. But—" (She seizes the old hat, and stuffs it inside the other one, then replaces the new hat on business woman's head, where it perches in a most sprightly, if somewhat precarious, way).

Business woman (regarding herself with more or less satisfaction in the mirror)—"You're a genius!" (Wheedlingly). "You're so awfully clever and so very, very brave! In fact I don't think I ever knew such a clever, brave person. Won't you go and see if you can, with honeyed words and sweet smiles, persuade somebody to sell this hat to me?"—Chicago Daily News.

Rest Periods a Necessity.

The importance of rest periods in school work and of as much fresh air as possible is emphasized by recent scientific investigations, which have shown that the condition of the blood corpuscles in children is far less favorable after mental exertion in school than after hard physical effort.

Choosing a Hoe.

In choosing a hoe, select one the blade of which lies not quite flat on the floor when you are standing erect with the hoe handle extending from your hand when in working position to the floor. The heel of the hoe should not quite touch the floor from this position. Such a hoe will bite into the soil easily when it is bright and sharp and will work smoothly and effectively. Sharpen the hoe as soon as it gets noticeably dull. This will be hard on the hoe, but it saves

ALTHOUGH GOOD RUSTLERS SHEEP SHOULD BE GIVEN THE ATTENTION THEY DESERVE

Animals Are Always Most Neglected and Receive Least Notice of All Stock Kept on Farm—Profitable to Give Them Best Treatment Possible.



Four Excellent Rustlers.

As far as my observation goes, sheep are always the most neglected and least noticed of all the stock kept on the farm. I am pretty sure the reason of this is that the sheep usually takes care of itself so well, without the assistance of man, and can make its living on so little, that gradually the idea of looking after the flock, and doing something for their benefit, passes out of the mind of most men who keep a few sheep, but are not in the business of keeping them as their principal interest.

But in spite of this negligence and lack of interest, I am sure that sheep pay much more in proportion to the amount invested and the cost of maintaining them than any other farm stock. In view of this fact, it would seem to me that the sheep ought to be the best cared for animal on the farm, and should have the best treatment that the owner can give, says a writer in the Farm Progress.

Sheep on the farm, or on the plains, receive less care and attention than any other farm stock, yet so far as my personal experience is concerned, pay a better profit on the investment than any other farm stock. I suppose the chief reason for this indifference on the part of most men lies in the fact that sheep cannot be made to multiply as fast as hogs, and the public demand is never so great as that for pork and beef.

It may be truthfully said that beef is the mainstay in filling the demand for fresh meat, and pork in the shape of hams, shoulders and sides, in the shape of breakfast bacon, constitutes the main supply of cured meats. I really think if lamb and mutton were used to a larger extent, and constituted a much larger portion of the meat eaten by the people generally, it would be better for the health of the people generally and, probably, have a tendency to improve the farms devoted to stock raising, and perhaps would also be conducive to the better average health of the people who consume such very much meat.

I have been associated with farming a great many years, and owned several farms, and have kept stock of all kinds, and I can say without prejudice that my sheep have always given me less trouble than the other kinds of stock and, for the investment, have paid me much more clear profit. I can therefore urge with great sincerity upon all who have not put at least a few sheep on their farms to do so as soon as possible.

That they will pay well is as certain as anything on the farm can be, and I know it is impossible for any farm stock to cost so little or give so little trouble.

My personal preference is for one of the "Down" breeds, and though the Southdown is probably more popular in a general way, I think the Shropshire is the most attractive. I think, too, that they average somewhat heavier in weight.

On a 400-acre farm I kept for a long time a flock of thirty to forty, and from the time that the pastures were suitable to graze in the spring till the freezing weather in the late fall, my sheep never needed to be fed a mouthful. And the winter kept has always been so small that I am sure that half of the increase of the flock would offset the entire cost, if it were possible to estimate that cost, for the cost of keep is too small to count.

Half of the returns for wool would more than pay for all the feed, forage and pasture they get, and I have noticed that some of my thinnest and most run-down land on the place is getting better all the time.

I have heard some complaint about sheep being affected with hot fly, but all injury to the sheep may be avoided by applying a mixture of pine tar and grease—say axle grease—around the nostrils. To save the trouble of catching and applying the tar to the sheep direct, some people bore holes in a log with a two-inch auger, and put salt in them, and then smear around the edge of

the holes with a mixture of pine tar and grease.

When they lick the salt they get their nostrils smeared with the tar. The smearing may be done often, say once a week. I am of the opinion that a sort of muzzle made of fine woven wire, and so shaped as to be attached to the nose of the sheep, and will not come off, will serve perfectly to keep off the bot fly that lays the eggs of the grub in the sheep's nose. It would be well for some whose sheep are much bothered with grubs to make a test of this.

PROFITABLE FEEDING OF CHESTER WHITES

Difference Shown Between Hog Given Plenty of Feed and One Neglected.

The result of different treatments of hogs came to my notice last spring, when a neighbor sold two average pigs eight weeks old to a man who did not have any other hogs. He bought the two hogs to make pork the next fall and, of course, wanted to give them a good chance to do their best. They were fed wheat middlings, millet and scraps from the table, in addition to the pasture they gathered. They were grade Chester Whites, farrowed in April. These two pigs dressed between 150 and 175 pounds each when about seven months old.

The pigs that had not been sold and out of the same litter were allowed to run on pasture, and when corn was ready to feed they were fed enough corn to put them in pork condition, but when slaughtered at about the same time as the other two they only weighed 65 to 70 pounds each. There was a difference of nearly 100 pounds between these well-fed hogs and their mates not so fed, and it is wholly due to different treatments. It is easy to see which was the most economical pork producer—the well-cared-for hog or the one which got enough feed to barely live until fattening time. The difference in value was almost \$10, as pork sold at 10 cents a pound here last fall. The two well-cared-for hogs did not eat near \$10 worth of feed from the time they were separated from their mates until they were slaughtered.

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THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

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JAMES S. SHERMAN.

FOR CONGRESS,
HON. HARRY BAILEY.

BATTLE HYMN.

We stand at Armageddon and we hurl the liars back.
There's Me and Hi and Perky, and Old Suspender Jack.

Cincinnati Inquirer.

The Democrats of Congress made rainbow promises of economy before Congress met. After the pork barrel had been around, Uncle Sam found his grocery bill was just as high as ever.—Fleming Gazette.

Running a finger down the list of newspapers which are supporting Roosevelt—it don't take long—it may be noted that almost without exception they are owned by Democrats or men in unlawful "Big Business" of the sort Taft is bringing under the law.

JOHNSON'S FLING AT TAFT.

When Gov. Hiram Johnson said to his Taft-hating hearers at Columbus the other day, "It is with shame as an American citizen that I say that today the most humiliating character in all American history is the president of the United States," he was cheered to the echo.

But that declaration was read with disgust by many Americans who are not supporters of President Taft for the presidency.

The New York Evening Post, for instance, a Wilson organ, after quoting Johnson's bitter words and remarking that their author had said what tended to degrade the presidency, our most exalted office, "in the eyes of the nation and the world," declares as follows:

Gov. Johnson will find this a sadly ungenerous part of the country, for he will be surprised to learn that there are hundreds of thousands of people who will, irrespective of party and their personal opinions of Mr. Taft's success or non-success in the White House, follow Gov. Johnson's own example of rank speech and say that his utterance is that of a man destitute of the attributes of a gentleman. If that is the best of the West, they will cry out, "Let us have converse only with the East."

So much for a typical eastern view of the third-termers' vice-presidential candidate. Now let us turn to what a California newspaper, the San Francisco Call, has to say of him:

The Call is disappointed in Governor Johnson. He promised to give the state a good economical administration, and he promised to add to the state's business himself, faithfully and constantly. He has not done it.

The state's expense account is higher than ever. The governor is almost constantly absent from his office. He deputizes Al. McCabe and John F. Neylan, two small politicians, to attend to the state's business. He has been absent eight months out of the last ten. He is about to go away for two months more to campaign for another office. The Call insists that he has no right so to neglect his official duties, and the taxpayers are saying the same thing. If he can't attend to his official duties, he should resign.

Some day it will be known why Johnson puts so much venom in the references he makes to President Taft. The animus he exhibits is not becoming in the governor of a great state and an aspirant to the office of vice-president.

Think of a Bull Moose wearing suspenders? —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Roosevelt will doubtless be surprised also to learn that David anticipated him in the conclusion that "all men are liars."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, addressing the National Dental Association in Washington, declared that more children die because of bad teeth than from any other trouble.

In one of his books Woodrow Wilson describes Thomas Jefferson as "an aristocrat who deliberately practiced the arts of a politician. Washington found him a guide that needed watching."

What do Jeffersonian Democrats think of that?

Everything is politics any more. You can hold a picnic, a Sunday School convention, a grange meeting or bean dinner but what some wily politician gets after the committee in charge and sees that a candidate or prospective candidate of his liking gets on the program for a speech. It has played havoc with the Sunday School meetings. It used to be that people generally would attend them. But any more the principal orators are cheap politicians who probably never see the inside of a Sunday School room except when the campaign is on. These meetings should be announced by their right names. It should be stated in advance that a political pow-wow will be held in Smith's grove for the benefit of Bill Jones, candidate for Infirmary director. Then the people would know what to expect and could go or stay at home just as they chose. If it is just a common picnic, they want to go and have a good time and not be bored to death by a long-winded, sleeve-loaded politician. Of course they are cheap. The committee is not out anything financially for they pay their own expenses and naturally spread political germs by kissing all the babies in the grove.—Jackson Sun.

WOULD BE BIG A NOISE.

If it should turn out, as George Harvey fears, and the House of Representatives should have to elect a President of the United States, what hall is there in Washington big enough to accommodate the Colonel and his red bandanna army while they are at the capital bulldozing the electors?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Democrat Warns Democrats

Carlisle Mercury, Democratic.

The Democratic vote in Vermont shows a gain of something like 3,000 over the highest vote ever before cast for a Democratic candidate for the governorship. That one fact will have to be disposed of before there is room for consolation for either the Taft or the Roosevelt followers at the result.

Every Democrat in Nicholas county should know that the election for President is held in November and not in September, and that ballots and not bragging count, and it takes money to get out the ballot makers. Kentucky is all right but there are states where work—and hard work will have to be done.

At the election held in Maine last Monday the Republicans elected a full state ticket including the Legislature. The Republicans gain a Congressman. The Democrats will doubtless quit bragging and go to work now. The Democratic leader who tells the people that "it's all over but the shouting" is a fraud. Old High Protective Tariff is wonderfully alive.



WHY THEY MIND PA.

"How well-behaved your children are!" added the minister's wife.

"They are perfectly lovely children," added the minister.

The parents smiled proudly, and up spoke little Agnes:

"I said if we didn't behave."

"Looz yo' grease yo' bar with ham fat or how?"

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WELL DESERVED

THE PRAISE THAT COMES FROM THANKFUL MAYSVILLE PEOPLE

SHELL GOES LONG DISTANCE

Interesting History of 12-Inch Projectile Used in Spanish War—Traveled Four Miles.

Screaming out its defiant message of possible death and disaster, a 12-inch 1,000-pound shell was sent across the Bay of Santiago on the fatal morning of July 3, 1898, from one of the battleships—Texas, Iowa or Indiana. The shell traveled a distance of between three and four miles and found lodgment in the side of a rocky hill just behind Morro castle, the charge being unexploded. It now reposes peacefully on the sidewalk in front of a store in Carson street, Southside, near Twenty-seventh street, but minus the charge.

Thousands of people pass the spot daily, but little or no heed is given by them to this interesting relic of Uncle Sam's encounter with the one-time great power of Spain.

The shell was shipped on October 20, 1899, by Capt. Surgeon James McKay, United States navy, to his father, Stephen McKay, of this city, and is much prized by the latter as a relic and souvenir.

Capt. McKay gave an interesting description of the circumstances attending the firing and finding of the shell. He states: "The shell was fired from the Indiana or Texas from a distance of between three or four miles, and was doubtless fired at the eastern battery, a concealed battery of several old bronze cannon situated in a hollow in the bluff, and only visible from several miles at sea. Our ships paid great attention to this particular battery from noticing that, while the muzzles of the cannon were visible over the embankment before firing, they disappeared simultaneously with that operation. Now from the excellent habit drilled into the men of the navy of overestimating rather than doubting the strength of the enemy, they decided the battery must be composed of modern rifled disappearing guns, and acted accordingly. Every now and again, and when the ships seemed most quiet, one or another would drop a carefully calculated shell in such close proximity as to keep the artillerists working the guns in a state of constant terror. This shell, from its position, must have flown over the guns and men at just sufficient height to clear the ridge and plunge into the hill beyond. It missed its mark by a very small margin. However, the hundreds of holes, some large enough to form a cellar for a large dwelling, scattered all about and within the battery, the dismounted, crippled and half-buried pieces, and the general wreck made of nature in the entire vicinity, speak only too eloquently of the excellent marksmanship of our gunners, and the splendid conduct of our ships in general.

"When Admiral Sampson visited the above-mentioned battery some months after the surrender, he smilingly told how they had been fooled by the strange disappearing qualities of the old guns. Many of these old pieces dated back to 1718 and were masses of most wonderful and beautiful hand carving, but the gun carriages were not more than 100 years old, hence the parts did not fit and the recoil mechanism (great buffer springs) being useless the piece on being discharged would bound back into the air the full length of the carriage (15 feet). The muzzles were visible over the cement before firing, but their rebound flight carried them far out of sight, hence the disappearing guns which deceived our men for a while."

The shell, singular to relate, shows but slight marks of its impact with its rocky billet, another proof of the care with which American projectiles are fashioned.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Where the Gray Hairs Came From. The attitude of the commanding generals of the north and south toward each other, after the final surrender, writes Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his recent book on General Lee, is one that the world regarded with astonishment, and that Americans may forever look back upon with pride. In illustration, Mr. Page offers an engaging anecdote from Long's memoir of Lee.

It appears that on the afternoon of the day of the surrender at Appomattox, Meade paid a friendly visit to Lee at his headquarters. In the course of the conversation, Lee turned to Meade, who had been associated with him as his officer of engineers in the "old army," and said, pleasantly: "Meade, years are telling on you. Your hair is getting quite gray."

"Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "that is not the work of years. You are responsible for my gray hairs."

Guying a Bombproof. The southern soldiers had little respect for what were known as "bombproofs," the fellows who had easy positions in the rear. On one occasion a smartly dressed young officer belonging to this kindred cantered up to a depot where a regiment of men were awaiting transfer. As soon as they saw him they began guying him.

"Oh, my, am I not the poopy!"

"Say, mister, whar'd ye git that iled shuit?"

"Looz yo' grease yo' bar with ham fat or how?"

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We don't handle rectified, blended or compounded goods of any kind whatever. If quality counts, if purity is an object, if money-saving means anything to you, we should have your trade.

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O. H. P. THOMAS & CO. **MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY**

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See Baseball in Cincinnati
STOP AT THE
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Louisville—September 9 to 14.
Mayfield—October 9 to 12.
Morgantown—September 19 to 21.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by operations as they are not teachable deafness of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound in the ear, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless this inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are cured by Catarrh Cure, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for free trial.

F. J. GENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75¢.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Sundays By Appointment Only.

We Are Offering On Sale For A Few Days One Dollar Size Bottles of Improved

WAHOO

Compound Blood and Nerve Tonic for

35c PER BOTTLE or

3 BOTTLES FOR \$1

A remedy for Rheumatism, Blood, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles.

Do not forget the price—35c per bottle or 3 for \$1.

JOHN C. PECOR

Druggist Maysville, Ky.

Westward—

6:15 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m.

12:15 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

Public



Ledger

WEEKLY REPORT-1867.
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER-1868.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1912.



THE PASTIME TONIGHT ONLY

- When the Heart Calls Nestor.
- The Padrone's Daughter Imp.
- The Bum and the Bomb Champion

Richard G. Valentine's resignation as commissioner of Indian affairs was promptly accepted by President Taft, the latter's decision in the "religious garb case" being the signal cause.

Light Up the Town Clock

Why not have the face of the big clock on the Mason county courthouse lighted up at night so the wayfarer may see the time of night as well as the time of day? It won't cost much and the county and the city could divide the expense.

A Musical Treat

When you attend The Mighty Haag Shows on September 24th at Maysville you will be treated to your first real musical treat under canvas. You have undoubtedly attended many circuses and wondered why the management should spend hundreds of dollars on feature acts and neglect the musical program. It remained for E. Haag to be first to make it a feature of his shows and to inaugurate it has secured Miss Nellie King, the premier Lady Cornetist of America today, and at both afternoon and evening performances Miss King will render her superb solos.



"THE HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE NUMBERED"

There is a great deal of truth in the old saying. Roots die, vitality gives out. The hair begins to turn gray.

This is particularly unfortunate as we are all living in an age when to LOOK young means to fill the YOUNG and IMPORTANT positions. Old foggies go to the background. If you should begin to chalk down every day of your life, the exact number of hairs that turn gray, you would be surprised and soon learn that "The Grey Hairs of Premature Old Age" come on very quickly, if you neglect them.

Begin to count, and use —

HAY'S HAIR HEALTH

\$1.00 and \$2.00 at Drug Stores or direct receipt of post and dealer's name. Send 10c for bottle. Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

For Sale and Recommended by

T. J. Chenevert.

WASHINGTON THEATER TONIGHT, AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAM

Keeps You Looking Young

\$1.00 and \$2.00 at Drug Stores or direct receipt of post and dealer's name. Send 10c for bottle. Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

For Sale and Recommended by

T. J. Chenevert.

Don't Put Off Painting
It's poor economy to let your home or your tenants buildings decay and depreciate for lack of paint. Paint is an investment, not an expense. The best paint is the best investment. Mastic Paint is the best by test; under all conditions, everywhere. Makes the best finish; goes farthest; lasts longest and therefore costs the least.



Mastic Paint "The Kind That Lasts"

Let us tell you of some "neighbors" who have tried and will recommend Mastic Paint. Ask our dealer in your town for book of suggestions and color chart.

Manufactured by
Peaslee-Gaulbert Co.
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Louisville, Kentucky.

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WE SELL

Metal Roofing!

J. C. EVERETT & CO.

L. LANGEFELS

Modern Plumbing, Steam
and Hot Water Heating!

High quality of Gas Work a Specialty.
Handle Only the Best of material. Dealer
in Brass Valves and Fittings, Gas Stoves
and Ranges, All Sizes of Sewer Pipe.

Maysville, Ky.

Roosevelt Out; It's Taft or Wilson

New York Press, Republican.

Mr. Roosevelt cannot get enough votes in Republican territory to do himself any good. And if he cannot get them in Republican territory, how can anybody expect him to get them in Democratic territory? In Vermont his party is able to count only a small fraction of the whole vote cast.

No body can doubt that every Roosevelt vote in Vermont was put in the ballot box. The Roosevelt followers, enthusiastic to a degree, do not fail in any test to do all that is in them to do. There are no more Roosevelt ballots in Vermont.

But with his collapse in Vermont, Mr. Roosevelt shows more than his own failure to poll enough Republican votes to do him any good; he shows that his third term movement makes votes for the Democratic party. The Democratic candidate for Governor did not lose votes, compared with 1910. He gained votes; he gained them not merely relatively but positively. Compared with 1908 he did the same thing.

The lesson from Vermont is that there is no possibility of the Colonel being elected President; that the most he can hope to achieve is the election of Wilson; that if Wilson is to be defeated the only chance to defeat him is

with the Republican ticket.

What the Roosevelt followers now have to choose between is either the election of Taft or Wilson. Roosevelt is out. It is beyond the power of the Roosevelt followers to do anything for the Colonel. They can do something for Mr. Wilson by throwing away their votes on the Colonel. If they wish to give the Government to the Democratic party, with all that such means, the way to help is to throw away their votes to the Colonel. If they wish to keep the Government out of the hands of the Democrats they must vote the Republican ticket.

We have no doubt that, as it becomes more and more evident that Mr. Roosevelt is completely out of the race, his followers, who for the welfare of the country are anxious to keep the government out of the hands of the Democrats, will turn to the Republican party as the only possible means to do this at the ballot box.

Whether the Vermont Legislature will elect a Republican Governor is of the very smallest consequence compared with the question of how many Roosevelt followers will now leave the Colonel to keep the Government from capture by the Democrats.

TONS OF GOLD

In Coffers of Uncle Sam—
Figures of Staggering Proportions Issued By

Treasury Department

Facts About the Most Prosperous County On Earth

Uncle Sam is not greatly worried over the question of where the next meal is to come from, in spite of all the storm and stress of politics and the pre-election talk of empty dinner pails, long bread lines and similar troubles and calamities. This is clearly indicated by a brief study of the Treasury figures. They show the government to be in a flourishing condition with the wolf so far removed from the door that there is little need for anxiety over how to get along through the winter, even if a billion dollar Congress has just got through and another will be there the beginning of December.

The Treasury Department has in its vaults at this time gold coin and bullion to the value that breaks all records. Not only is more gold treasure amassed in the Treasury Department than this country has ever before had, but nothing in the records of foreign nations can approach it. The total now is about double the gold coin and bullion possessed by any foreign country.

Moreover, one might go back through the financial history of the world to the beginning of history and fail to find another store of gold like this. Old Croesus himself never dreamed of anything like it.

At the end of August, this year, the total gold coin and bullion in the Treasury amounted to a little less than a billion and a quarter dollars in value. The exact amount in round numbers was \$1,221,000,000. Over a billion of this is gold coin. Of this staggering amount \$1,048,000,000 is held for the redemption of outstanding gold certificates. The sum of \$150,000,000 is in the reserve fund and is held for the redemption of United States notes and Treasury notes. The enormous sum of \$22,000,000 in gold coin is held in the general fund of the Treasury.

But vast as is the amount of gold coin and bullion in the Treasury, it is only a fraction of the entire wealth of money in the United States. Statistics show that on July 1st, 1912, the kinds in circulation was \$3,276,786. This gives, according to the estimates of the Treasury, a per capita circulation of \$4.26.

In other words, every man, woman and child in the country is entitled to \$34.26 on this basis. Some have this and more; others do not have their quota. The Treasury estimates per capita circulation are based on a supposed population of 95,636,000 in continental United States.

Customs receipts for August and July the first two months of the present fiscal year, ran \$4,000,000 each above the figures for the same two months of 1911. Ordinary internal revenue taxes were an increase of \$3,000,000 for the two months' period this year over last year.

Aside from the Panama canal and the public debt the excess of ordinary disbursements over receipts was approximately \$16,000,000 less than for the corresponding two months last year, largely attributed to the holding up of the appropriation bills in the closing weeks of Congress.

The public debt was diminished during August by \$689,542.

During August fifteen National banks with a capital of \$95,000 were authorized to begin business, making a total of 10,250 National banks organized up to last Saturday.

The United States Mint during August coined \$505,000 in gold, \$586,000 in silver and \$226,000 in one-cent pieces.

The Hele Forsyth Missionary Society will have meeting at the M. E. Church, South, at 2:30 p. m. Saturday.

THE BLESSING OF MOTHERHOOD

Healthy Mothers and Children Make Happy Homes

Motherhood is woman's highest sphere in life. It is the fruition of her dearest hopes and greatest desires; yet thousands of noble women through some rearrangement have been denied this blessing.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

San Antonio, Texas.—"To all women who desire to have children in their homes and to be well and happy I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a displacement and other female weakness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was the only remedy that ever helped me, and now I am a happy mother and highly recommend your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. A. B. MARTINEZ, 121 S. Laredo St., San Antonio, Texas.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I was ailing all the time and did not know what the matter was. I wanted a baby but my health would not permit it. I was nervous, my side ached and I was all run down. I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good and took the medicine. I have now a beautiful baby and your Compound has helped me in every way."—Mrs. J. J. STEWART, 299 Humboldt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered.

woman and held in strict confidence.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.

GEM THEATER, Matinee and Night.

WHITE ROSES—ESSANAY.
AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR—VITAGRAPH.
REVENGE IS SWEET—COMEDY.

Feature Monday Night,
A NATION'S PERIL—IN TWO REELS.

Matines daily 3 to 5. Last show
promptly at 4 for school children.

GEM THEATER, Matinee and Night.

RECEIVERS were named in New York for the

United States Motor Company, a \$42,500,000 holding corporation for ten large automobile and gas-engine companies.

Raising Money at Danville Conference

Central Methodist Advocate.

Mr. W. W. Ball of Maysville, treasurer of the Preachers' Aid Society, of the conference, was the only man allowed to take a collection on the conference floor. After making his annual report of the funds of the society and the encouraging increase during his term of office, he called for subscriptions for increase of endowment and for the emergency relief fund. Over \$1,300 was soon raised with which other amounts recently subscribed makes something over \$1,500. Most of this amount is to be added at once to the endowment fund which now approximates \$25,000.

Latest Markets.

MARYSVILLE RETAIL MARKET.

Cocoanut, headlight, 1/2 gal.	\$15	20
Coffee, 1/2 gal.	25	40
Golden Syrup, 1/2 gal.	35	40
Molasses, new crop, 1/2 gal.	50	60
Molasses, old crop, 1/2 gal.
Sorghum, fancy new, 1/2 gal.	40	50
Sugar, yellow, 1/2 gal.	6 1/2	7
Sugar, extra, C. 1/2 gal.	6 1/2	7
Sugar, granulated, 1/2 gal.	7	8
Sugar, powdered, 1/2 gal.	10	12
Sugar, New Orleans, 1/2 gal.	10	12
Teas, 1/2 gal.	30	40
Provisions and Country Produce.		
Apples, dried, 1/2 lb.	12 1/2	25
Bacon, breakfast, 1/2 lb.	20	30
Bacon, clear sides, 1/2 lb.	15	20
Bacon, Hams, 1/2 lb.	17	25
Bacon, shoulders, 1/2 lb.	10	12 1/2
Beans, 1/2 gal.	20	40
Butter, 1/2 lb.	20	30
Eggs, 1/2 dozen.	20	30
Flour, Jefferson, 1/2 bbl.	6.00	7.00
Flour, Alpha, 1/2 bbl.	5.75	6.50
Perfection.	5.50	6.00
Flour, Graham, 1/2 bbl.	4.00	4.50
Honey, 1/2 gal.	20	25
Land, 1/2 lb.	15	20
Meat, 1/2 peck.	30	35
Potatoes, 1/2 peck.	40	45
Peaches, dried, 1/2 lb.	15	20
Young Chickens, 1/2 lb.	11	15
Strawberries.
Apples, tub.	45	50
Grape Fruit.	10	15
Horseradish, 1/2 dozen.	15	20
Lemons, 1/2 dozen.	20	30
Limes, 1/2 dozen.	15	20
Pineapples.	25	30
Black Walnuts.	30	40
California Oranges.	30	40
Sweet Florida Oranges.	30	40
Shellback Hickory Nuts, 1/2 peck.	60	75

SCHOOL SHOES

Let the children start the new school year right with a pair of good, up-to-date, serviceable Shoes. Our enormous purchases assure you of choice selection of snappy, up-to-the-minute footwear that will stand rough wear at prices

One-Half Their Real Values!

A big assortment of high top and regular cut Shoes, in any leather, any styles, whether for school, dress or work. There are still a few pairs of Men's, Women's and Children's Low Shoes left.

Tomorrow Must Clean Them Out New Goods Crowding Us for Room

Boys' and Youths' genuine box calf, excellent school shoes . . . 99c



MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North."

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, was sent on a perilous mission by General Washington to intercept at the Valley Forge. Disguised in a British uniform, Lawrence arrives within the enemy's lines. The Major attends a great ball, and saves the life of the "Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball. Trouble is started over a waltz, and Lawrence is urged by Captain Grant, and his friend, Mistress Mortimer (The Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape. Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant, of the British Army, while Grant's friends and the spy make a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape. The Major arrives in time to witness the rescue of a friend, and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tangling Threads. My surprise at this unexpected reference to the Lady of the Blended Rose, almost prevented utterance. What could this partisan ranger know of the girl? How could he even have identified her from my vague reference?

"Why do you say that?" I asked eagerly. "I did not mention the lady's name."

"There was no cause for you to do so," and the grim mouth smiled. "No one else in Philadelphia would have turned the trick so neatly; besides the fact that your opponent was Grant who have revealed the identity of the girl."

"You know them both then?"

"Fairly well; he was a boy in these parts, and I have shod his riding horse many a time. A headstrong, domineering, spoiled lad he was, and quarreling."

"But Mistress Mortimer," I interrupted, "is her family also from this neighborhood?"

"To the northeast of here, near Locust Grove; the properties of the two families adjoin each other, an' I have heard there is distant kinship between them, although if that be true all that was good in the strain must have descended to the one branch, an' all the evil to the other. Day and night could be no different. Colonel Mortimer is a genial, pleasant gentleman, an' a loyal friend, although we are in arms against each other. To tell the truth I half believe his heart is with the Colonies, although he cast his fortunes with the King. He even has a son in the Continental Army."

"Our Lee's staff," I interrupted. "The daughter told me he was a twin brother."

"Yes, an' as great a rogue as the girl, with the same laughing blue eyes."

"And Mistress Claire," I questioned, "on which side is she?"

"Can you ask that after having met her as a Lady of the Blended Rose? Pshaw, man, I could almost give you a list of the loyalist dames who make sport for the British garrison, an' Mistress Claire is not least in rank or beauty among them. What else could you expect of a young girl when her father wears the green an' white, while her lover has made a reputation hereabout with his birelled raiders?"

"You mean Grant?"

"Certainly; they have been engaged from childhood, though God pity the poor girl if they ever marry. His work in the Jerseys has been almost as merciless as that of 'Red' Fagin, an' it is even whispered about them ride together at times. I doubt if she knows the whole truth about him, though she can scarcely deem him an angel even at that. Surely you never supposed her on our side?"

"She helped me," I insisted, "knowing who I was, and even said she wished me cause well."

"The inconsistency of a woman; perhaps the two had had some misunderstanding, an' she was glad enough to outwit the other."

"No, 't was not that, I am sure; I could read truth in her eyes."

"In Claire's eyes!" he laughed outright. "Oh, I know the innocent-blue of them, and warn you not to trust them blindly. Other men have thought the same, an' found out they read wrongly when the end came—ay! many of them. When she was but a slip of a lass I found out her eyes played merry tricks, an' yet I love her though she were my own daughter. An' she's a good girl in spite of all the mischief in her."

"And she is truly a loyalist?"

"Not, I know no better. The rebel blood is all in the boy so far as I can learn, yet I will not answer for what Mistress Claire might do."

We fell silent, my memory with the girl, endeavoring to recall her exact words, the expression of her face. It was not in my heart to believe she had deceived me.

I had almost forgotten where I was, as well as the presence of my companion, when he suddenly arose to his feet, and, pushing aside the wooden window shutter, looked out. A glance of his keen eyes was sufficient.

"Get back into your box, Major," he exclaimed quickly. "Pull the papers over you."

I was upon my feet, conscious of the instant sound of horses' hoofs.

"What is it? The enemy?"

"Rangers; fifty of them, I judge, an' they'll never pass here without running around. Quick now, under cover."

"But what about yourself?"

"Don't worry about me; those fellows haven't any evidence against me yet. They're after you."

I was through the intervening door with a bound and an instant later had burrowed under the crumpled papers. The shifting of the sun had left this corner of the repair shop in shadow, but I was scarcely outstretched in my hastily improvised hiding place, when I heard the blacksmith calmly open his outer door, where he stood smoking, clad in leather apron, awaiting the approaching horsemen. They swept about the corner of the smithy almost at the same moment, pulling up their tired horses at sight of him. From amid the thud of hoofs, and the rattle of accoutrements, a voice spoke sharply:

"So you're here, Farrell, you old rebel hypocrite. Well, what are you hiding now?"

"I was not aware that I had anything to hide, Captain Grant," was the dignified response. "This is my shop, an' where I should be."

"Oh, hell! We all know you well enough, you old fox, and we'll catch you red-handed yet, and hang you. But we're not hunting after your kind today. Did you see anything of a fellow in scarlet jacket along here last night, or this morning?"

I failed to catch Farrell's answer, but the voice of the officer was sufficiently loud to reach me.

"A rebel spy; the sneaking rascal must have swam the Delaware. We'll look about your shop just the same before we ride on. Mason, take a half-dozen men with you, and ride the place over."

I heard the sound of their boots on the floor, and burrowed lower in my box. Two or three entered the old shop, and began to probe about among the debris. One kicked the box in which I lay, and thrust a bayonet down through the loose papers, barely missing my shoulder. With teeth clinched I remained breathless, but the fellow seemed satisfied, and moved on, after searching the dark corner beyond. At last I heard them all go out, mumbling to each other, and ventured to sit up again, and draw a fresh breath. They had left the door ajar, and I had a glimpse through the crack. Farrell was leaning carelessly in the outer doorway, smoking, his short legs wide apart, his expression one of total indifference. A big fellow stepped past him, and saluted some one just out of sight.

"Nobody in there, sir," he reported.

"All right, Mason," and Grant came into view on a rangy sorrel. "Get your men back into saddle; we'll move on."

"Think he went this way?" asked the blacksmith carelessly.

"How the hell do I know!" savagey. "He must have started this way, but likely he took the north road. We'll get the chap before night, unless he runs into Delavan's fellows out yonder. See here, Farrell," holding in his horse, "we'll be back here about dark, and will want something to eat."

"You will be welcome to all you find."

"You impudent rebel, you see that you are here when we come. I know you, you night rider, and will bring you to book yet. Forward men—trot! Close up the ranks there, sergeant; we'll take the road to the left."

I watched them go past, the dust-covered green uniforms slipping by the crack of the door, as the men urged their horses faster. Farrell never moved, the blue tobacco smoke curling above his head, and I stole across the littered storeroom a cobwebbed window, from which I could watch the little column of riders go down the hill. They finally disappeared in the edge of a grove, and I turned around to find the blacksmith leaning against his anvil waiting for me.

"You will not wait for him?"

"Hardly. You heard what he said about Delavan? That was the very news I wanted to learn. Now I think those lads will meet me much sooner than they expect."

He stepped forward into the open doorway, and blew three shrill blasts on a silver whistle. The echo had scarcely died away, when, out from a thick clump of trees perhaps half a mile distant, a horse shot forth, racing toward us. As the reckless rider drew up suddenly, I saw him to be a barefooted, freckle-faced boy of perhaps sixteen, his eyes bright with excitement.

"So it's you on duty, Ben," said Farrell quietly, glancing from the boy to his horse. "Well, you're in for a ride. Have the men at Lone Tree by sunset; all of them. See Duval first, an' tell him for me this is a big thing. Now off with you!"

The boy, grinning happily, swung his horse around, and jabbing his sides with bare heels, rode madly away directly south across the vacant land. Within five minutes he had vanished down a sharp incline. Farrell was still staring after him, when I asked:

"He began to prepare the meal, while I bathed my face."

"What is it?"

"Now am ready for any service. What has occurred since I lay down?"

"Very little; Duval stopped a moment to report, an' two of my couriers rode past this way. We are going to have a goodly sized gathering tonight, an' from all I hear will need every rifle. Grant's purpose is, as I suppose, to guard the forage train into Philadelphia. He expects to meet them somewhere between Fellowship and Mount Laurel, an' the chances are we shall have to fight both detachments. But fall to, man, an' we can discuss all this as we eat."

He talked freely enough while we remained there, but conversation veered to the book he had been reading, and I learned little of his plans, except that he relied upon surprise, and swiftness of movement to overcome the decided advantage of numbers. After we mounted and rode away, scarcely a word was exchanged between us. Just before dusk we overtook a dozen horsemen in the breaks of a creek bottom, roughly dressed fellows, heavily armed, riding in the same direction as ourselves, and, after the exchange of a word or two, the whole party of us jogged along together. Others straggled in, singly, or by small groups, as darkness closed about, until we formed quite a respectable company. It was rather silent, weird procession, scarcely a word being spoken, and no sound heard, other than the dull reverberation of unshod hoofs on the soft turf. To me, glancing back from where I held position beside Farrell, they seemed like spectral figures, with no rattle of accoutrements, no glimmer of steel, no semblance of uniform. Yet my heart warmed to the knowledge that these were no holiday warriors, but grim fighting men. They had left their plows in the furrow to strike a blow for liberty.

It was an hour or more after dark when our compact little body of horsemen rode down a gully into a broad creek bottom, and then advanced through a fringe of trees to the edge of the stream. There was a young moon in the sky yielding a spectral light, barely making those faces nearest me visible. At the summit of the clay bank, shadowed by the forest growth encircling them, were the others who had gathered at this war rendezvous, the majority dismounted, holding their horses in readiness for action. As we rode in among them neighbors clasped hands silently, but the words exchanged were few.

Farrell forced his horse through the press toward where a tall figure sat stiff in the saddle, and my own horse followed unguled.

"A goodly turn-out, Duval," he commented briefly. "What was the number?"

"Forty-seven rifles," the Lieutenant's voice nasal, and high pitched. "The men from Orchard and Springdale are not in yet. How many arrived with you?"

"Twenty; ample for our purpose, even if the others fail us. This is Major Lawrence of the Maryland Line."

"Duval," said the blacksmith quietly, "you an' the Major feel your way along to the top, an' discover what is happening. I'll stay here, an' take care of the boys."

The road was a gradual rise, the clay packed hard under foot, but from the summit we could look away for some distance over a level country, dimly revealed under the new moon. There was nothing in sight, and no sound disturbed the solitude. We sat down on a bunch of turf, rifles in hand, to wait patiently, our eyes scanning the distance.

"Sixty-nine, all told," he announced briefly. "All right, boys, come on, and keep your powder out of the water."

It was firm bottom, but the water rose above the waist, with sufficient current so we had to brace against it in mid-stream. We trailed dropping up the eastern bank, coming out upon a well-traveled road. A hundred feet beyond was the clef through the clay, and there Farrell halted us, dividing the men into two parties. Under his orders they disappeared like magic, the silent night engulfing them completely. The three of us, Duval, Farrell, and myself, alone remained in the deserted road.

"Duval," said the blacksmith quietly, "you an' the Major feel your way along to the top, an' discover what is happening. I'll stay here, an' take care of the boys."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pleasant Quarters for French Prisoner

A retreat rather than a prison is the new institution which has been raised at Evreux, on the road from Paris to Trouville, says a correspondent of the London Globe. It is oval in form, much in appearance to that of a large castle, and is surrounded by a wall over 30 feet in height.

It is situated on high ground overlooking the town, and to say the least prisoners should have a very comfortable time. Each has his own cell with hammock bed washing utensils and a table for books. The cells are lighted by electricity and heated by radiators. The authorities have not forgotten the spiritual needs of their hordes. The consideration of the ministry of justice for the welfare of the prisoners is seen by an electric bell at the head of each hammock, so that the detained, if he be taken suddenly ill, can communicate with the guard.

Adulation Pleased Rousseau.

Rousseau, whose bicentenary celebration occasioned a riot in Paris the other day, created a sensation when he visited England in 1766. "Rousseau and his Armenian dress," wrote Lord Charlemont, "were followed by crowds when he first arrived in London and as long as this species of admiration lasted he was contented and happy. Garrick not only gave a supper in his honor, but played two characters specially to please him. Rousseau was highly gratified, but Mrs. Garrick declared that she had never spent a more unpleasant evening in her life, the philosopher being so anxious to display himself, and hanging over the front of the box so much, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirts of his coat to prevent him from falling over into the pit."

Very Good Fit.

Sometimes the blunder of a child seems like the veriest wise man's wisdom. Such might be said of the little fellow in Hutchinson, according to The Gazette, who, desiring some of the boarding housekeeper's d^rash, commonly called hash, said: "Please pass the trash."—Kansas City Star.

His Way.

"At the beginning of each week Titus gives his wife the money to run the house on during the week."

"I suppose he asks her how much she wants, and then hands it over."

"No, he asks her how little she can get along with and hands that over."

Consolation for Women Who Do Not Enjoy All the Advantages They See Others Have.

Women are taught very wrong about love. They are allowed to read love stories at a tender age and form a totally fatal notion of love.

They see themselves as charmers at a very early age. They begin trying to captivate, to charm, to ensnare the opposite sex, before they are out of the nursery. They live and die—many, many of them—without ever in the least understanding the truth about love or, in fact, about anything else.

Women are very envious by nature. There seems to be plenty of justification in this one way you look at it. Why should one woman have luxury, travel, society and fine clothes and another woman have only toll and loneliness and privation?

It is a useless question. We gain the inequalities of life,

but there is an answer to the woman who asks this question. It is this: The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation. You have a chance to see what you can find by the way of joy and beauty; you have an opportunity to create your own atmosphere and it can be a very lovely one if you learn the secret of making it so.—Pittsburgh Leader.

A Mild Argument.

"Hubby, do you love me as much as you did when we were first married?"

"Of course I do."

"Seems to me you don't tell me as often as you did."

"Yes, I do. Seems to me you're harder to convince."

Consideration.

"Do you want your wife to vote?"

"I don't mind," replied Mr. Growcher.

"But I hope they don't make election day costumes too expensive."

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer.

Soda to Brighten China.

Soda will brighten china that has been burned or darkened by long use.

Pensions. Write Miss R. Morris & Co., 140 W. 45th Street, New York.

FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Contain No Harmful or Habit Forming Drugs.

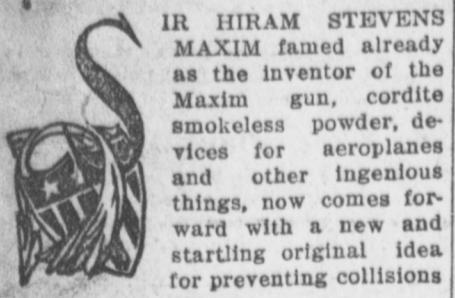
THESE SIX LETTERS

From New England Women

Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Does Restore the Health of Ailing Women.

A SIXTH SENSE FOR VESSELS

Hiram Maxim Has Plan to Prevent Collisions at Sea.—Takes Lesson from the Bat



SIR HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM famed already as the inventor of the Maxim gun, cordite smokeless powder, devices for aeroplanes and other ingenious things, now comes forward with a new and startling original idea for preventing collisions at sea.

Briefly stated, he wishes to provide ships with a "sixth sense," represented by an apparatus that will send vibrations and record minutely "echoes" caused by them if they meet against any hard object near ship—an iceberg, for example.

Hiram got his idea of this sixth sense from the bat, which, according him and other scientists, possesses such a sense, and is able by means of it to find its way about in the dark without perfect ease.

The inventor explains his invention in a pamphlet just published by him in London. "The wreck of the Titanic was a severe and painful shock to us all," he writes. "I asked myself: 'Has science reached the end of its tether? Is there no possible means of avoiding such a deplorable loss of life and property?' At the end of four hours it occurred to me that ships could be provided with what might be appropriately called a sixth sense, that would detect large objects in their immediate vicinity without the aid of a searchlight."

Then Sir Hiram set to work to study the bat's peculiar possession in an endeavor to apply it to preventing marine collisions, and soon hit upon the idea which he now makes public. Before describing the new Maxim apparatus it is well to set down what he has to say about that which inspired it, the sixth sense of the bat.

"Every naturalist that has either experimented on bats or writes on the subject," he says, "seems to admit that the extraordinary appendages attached to the bat's face are organs of perception more or less allied to the sense of feeling, but not one of them, so far as I can learn, has ever suggested that these organs are for the purpose of receiving the echo from the vibrations of the wings. I think I was the first to discover this."

The inventor goes on to show that the wings of the bat are extremely sensitive and very well provided with nerves, which is also true of the various organs of the bat's face. These nerves, he maintains, are intimately connected with each other and with the brain. Thus a bat, flying about in total darkness, sees out, by means of its wings, a series of pulsations or wave-like sound waves, but too low to be considered a sound. These waves, striking against all surrounding objects, are reflected back to their source, just as sound and light are, and these reflections of the vibrations, being received by the sensitive organs on the face of the bat, enable it to judge the distance to any object by the lapse of time between the sending out and the receiving of the waves.

Coming, then, to his collision-prevention, Sir Hiram says:

"Suppose now that we construct an apparatus that will produce atmospheric vibrations of about the same frequency as those produced by the bat, but instead of using the infinitesimal amount of energy employed by the bat, we use 200 or 300-horse-power—that is, we send out waves that have an amplitude and energy at least 300,000 times as great as those sent out by the bat. These vibrations, although of great energy, will not be audible to our ears, but they will shake up and agitate light ob-

jects for a considerable distance, and will travel at least 20 miles, so that they could be received and recorded by a suitable apparatus at that distance, and would be able to travel at least five miles and send back to the ship a reflected echo that would be strong enough to be detected."

Sir Hiram points out that in providing a ship with a "sixth sense," three distinct devices must be combined: one for producing and sending out the necessary sound waves, one for receiving the reflected waves and making them audible by ringing bells and another apparatus for recording the amplitude of the waves. Here is his description of the apparatus he has invented:

"For producing the vibrations of waves I prefer to use a modified form of siren, the disk being rotated at a suitable speed by a motor of some kind, preferably an electric motor. I

great amplitude and power they are able to travel over great distances, and when they come in contact with a body the waves are reflected back to the ship in the same manner that sound would be reflected back, but this echo would not be audible to the human ear.

"I therefore provide an apparatus which might be considered as an artificial ear. It is provided with a large diaphragm tightly drawn over a drum-shaped cylinder, and so arranged that the atmospheric pressure is always the same on both sides, quite irrespective of any air blast. It is therefore always able to vibrate freely in response to the waves of the echo, and its vibrations are made to open and close certain electrical circuits which ring a series of bells of various sizes. If, for example, the object is very small or at a very great distance from the ship, a very small

instead of ringing a bell it produces a diagram of the disturbances in the air—that is, when there is no noise except that due to the action of the ship or the sea waves, a wavy line on the paper becomes very much increased in amplitude, so as to be easily observed, and the distance that the object is from the ship can be measured by the length of the paper strip between the giving off of the vibrations and the receiving of the echo; therefore, the distance can be determined with a considerable degree of nicely, and the size of the object may be determined by the amplitude of the waves that return.

The inventor says that the apparatus for producing the atmospheric vibrations should be placed well forward on the main deck of the ship or in any position where it can be turned about from port to starboard. It should be secured to the deck very firmly, and connected, by means of a three-inch pipe, with a high-pressure boiler. A straightaway valve should be placed in the pipe near the boiler, and some means should be found of preventing the accumulation of water in the pipe leading to the apparatus.

Except in foggy or stormy weather, the apparatus would be merely ornamental, of course, until it were used for communicating with other ships.

THANKSGIVING VISIT TO UNCLE'S FARM

Mother, who went out to Uncle John's farm to pass Sunday before Thanksgiving day, telephoned Tuesday that she would not be home for Thanksgiving because one of the children was sick and Aunt Anna needed her.

"Why don't you run out for the day?" I asked father. "We can get on nicely here and perhaps I can invite somebody in to share our turkey."

"The difficulty is that I've already invited a guest," answered father. "Blakely is in town, and as I knew he'd be pretty lonely at a hotel, I told him that he must come up here Thursday, and now your mother's needed her."

Father looked so doleful that I felt sorry for him in spite of the fact that he had spoiled a plan of mine for Thanksgiving day. So I assured him that I would do my best to take mother's place.

"You needn't put on any extra frills for Blakely," said father. "He's the sort of man who likes good old-fashioned home cooking."

"I smiled at this, for I knew that Mr. Blakely lives at one of those exclusive New York clubs, where bachelors become more and more pampered and fastidious. I silently determined to have a dinner that would do credit to the family.

"You know, Lucile," said Cousin Fannie, when I told her that we never like to have the edge of should begin the dinner with Cuitura oyster and bouillon, "that your father's appetite taken off by anything before the turkey."

"But," replied, "I would be impossible to begin with turkey. Mr. Blakely would think himself in the backwoods."

Cousin Fannie made no more objections to my plans, but she looked surprised when I said, having found her taking two pies out of the oven Wednesday afternoon, "Oh, we can't have pie! That's really a little too bacolic. A delicate dessert is much more appropriate after a heavy turkey dinner. I'd make that delicious creme renversée with vanilla sauce which I used to eat so often in Paris. Luckily I have a recipe for it."

As we sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner father said: "Now, Blakely, you won't find any of your fancy club dishes here. I knew you'd much prefer an old-fashioned dinner."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mr. Blakely heartily, for of course he could say nothing else.

"What! Oysters?" exclaimed father. Then he looked at me again in surprise when Tilly brought in the soup, but I merely smiled. Then after he had carved the turkey he asked me for the cranberry sauce.

"I thought you liked this better," I said, pointing to the pretty pink ice Tilly was bringing in sherbet cups.

"Well, I never ate Thanksgiving turkey before without cranberry sauce," he said, trying to laugh, but looking rather grumpy.

"I'm sure the ice is very refreshing," said Mr. Blakely, pleasantly, but I was surprised to see him make a wry face after tasting it.

"Lucile, it's salty!" exclaimed father.

I suppose I must have dipped into the salt jar instead of the sugar keg when I mixed it for Tilly. It's stupid to have salt and sugar on the same shelf. I should think mother would arrange the pantry better.

Mr. Blakely laughed and told a story about a man at the club who, thinking his bouillon was tea, spoiled it with sugar and cream. Cousin Fannie appeared so amused by this ancient yarn that he was encouraged to tell others of equal date. So the dinner passed off pleasantly until Tilly brought in the creme renversée. Father looked at me so reproachfully that I said, "Now, daddy dear, I made this French dessert myself, and I shall be hurt if you don't like it."

With a martyred air father took a spoonful of it and Mr. Blakely began eating his at the same instant. To my astonishment they both gasped and choked. Had not father been so dreadfully angry it would have been almost laughable to see them so red in the face and with tears in their eyes.

"Good heavens, Lucile! This is the hottest stuff I ever got into my mouth," exclaimed father, as soon as he could speak. "It seems to be made of Jamaica ginger."

"Oh, Cousin Fannie," I cried, "you must have told me the wrong bottle when I asked you where the vanilla was. Isn't that too bad?"

"Too bad that we didn't have the regulation pumpkin and mince pies that I promised Mr. Blakely," broke in father, almost savagely.

"Miss Fannie, she baked some," spoke up Tilly, who never can learn that she is not expected to join in the family conversation.

"By George, I'm glad of it," said father. "Bring them on, Tilly. Fan, you're always on deck at the right moment. You have saved the day, my dear."

Cousin Fannie looked pleased and she drew pink when Mr. Blakely, with rather heavy-footed gallantry, asked her pointedly if she had ever read Patmore's "The Angel in the House." I should not have thought she would care for a compliment from a silly old bachelor like Mr. Blakely. He is not so interesting as I had at first thought him.

It seemed to me that after all my trouble in getting up the dinner father might have shown some appreciation instead of saying, after our guest was gone: "Well, Lucile, we won't try to entertain company again when your mother's away."

Ancient Ophel Pottery

French savants carrying out extensive investigations in Jerusalem, on the southeastern slope of the Temple hill—the Ophel of Scripture—have discovered a number of very early tombs, some of which contained pottery considered to belong to the period of 3,000 B. C.

Uncle Pennywise says:

A great many couples surprise their friends by getting married. Now and then a couple surprise their friends by staying married.

Danger in Crabs.

Crabs, no matter how fresh they are, make some folks sick nearly every time they eat them. Still they take a chance on it every once in a while just the same. Crabs must be very fine eating and have a lovely taste as they are being munched and put into the pauches of the crab-eaters. Crabs will eat a dead horse, or rats, pigs, cats or dogs decaying in the ocean. Perhaps if the crabs were penned up and fed on the choicest of foods for some days, so as to get a few of the dirty germs out of them, as well as rid them of the filth they eat, then in a somewhat cleaner condition they might not, after being eaten, turn the insides wrong side out and inside outward—both ways at the same time. Some foolish fellows feel highly insulted when told that they take a chance every time they eat crabs. Eat 'em and don't kick at the doctor bill.—Ex-change.

VERY WELCOME NEWS.



Tessie—Mr. Bore said one good thing at least last night.
Jessie—What was that?
Tessie—He said he had to go early.

ERUPTION LIKE PIMPLES

Wathena, Kan.—"My child's scalp trouble became so bad that I was ashamed to have anyone see him. His head had a solid scab on it. He also had a terrible breaking out on his face which was gradually growing worse. The eruption was like pimplies which developed into sores when he scratched, which he did almost constantly. Baby would almost scratch himself raw."

"I had used several different kinds of salve, none of them helping in the least bit, when I saw the Cuticura advertisement in the paper and it made me think of the good results my sister had when she used it for her children. I had only used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about two weeks before I noticed that the sores were almost entirely gone, and it must have been a month or six weeks before he was troubled again. Before I began the treatment, he would get easy when I would put the Cuticura Ointment on him. Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured him and he has a clear complexion now." (Signed) Mrs. W. H. Hughes, Dec. 31, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Put Away Small Things.

Get rid of small wisdom and great wisdom will shine upon you. Put away goodness and you will be naturally good. A child does not learn to speak because taught by professors of the art, but because it lives among people who can themselves talk.—Chuang Tzu.

A New Evil.

Husband—"So long as you went around to the polls to vote, why didn't you do it?" Enfranchised Wife—"Another lady was using the booth." Life.

ANGRY FISH BITES ANGLER

Brooklyn Man, the Sufferer, Sends Head to Pasteur Institute, Fear-Ring Rabies.

Whether a fish can have hydrophobia is a question that Fred Henry of Hancock street, Brooklyn, would like to have settled, and for that reason he has sent to the Pasteur institute in New York the head of a pickerel that bit him at Swarts wood lake recently, says a Newton (N. J.) correspondent of the New York Press. Henry was fishing in a boat that was a trifle leaky and he took off his shoes and socks. His first catch was a pickerel weighing three pounds. When he yanked the fish it flopped around in the bottom of the boat in a lively fashion.

As Henry was balting up again he felt a sharp pain in one of his feet, and, looking down, saw that the pickerel had made a jump and fastened its teeth in his toe. He tried to kick the fish away, but the pickerel held on and Henry had to use the handle of his landing net to pry open the fish's jaws before he got free of it. The fish started to swim where the teeth had punctured it, and Henry became worried. He says he thinks it possible that the pickerel may have had hydrophobia and as a precautionary measure, he sent the head to the Pasteur institute.

Robert Browning's Will.

Diligent search is being made at Florence, Italy, for the will of Robert Browning, son of the famous poet, but so far it has not been found. The fact that there apparently is no will is causing considerable gossip, as the property, of which there is a good deal, both in Asolo and Florence, will pass to his wife, who was Miss Coddington of New York and whom he lived apart for years, owing to incompatibility of temper.

Browning's property in Florence included Cass Guidi, where he spent his childhood days. When his mother died the property passed out of the family, and was acquired by him a few years ago.

Instead of liquid antiseptics, tablets and peroxide, for toilet and medicinal uses, many people prefer Paxtine, which is cheaper and better. At drugists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The Likeness.

"This free pulling of teeth has some features in common with big social functions."

"What are they?"

"Charity bawls."

Much Grazing Ground Required.

It is computed that it takes twelve acres of land to graze one head of cattle on Texas range land.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue.

Norwegian Scientific Expedition.

A Norwegian expedition will study the natives, flora and fauna of almost unknown regions of northern and central Asia.

Ancient Ophel Pottery

French savants carrying out extensive investigations in Jerusalem, on the southeastern slope of the Temple hill—the Ophel of Scripture—have discovered a number of very early tombs, some of which contained pottery considered to belong to the period of 3,000 B. C.

Uncle Pennywise says:

A great many couples surprise their friends by getting married. Now and then a couple surprise their friends by staying married.

The palmist can read your future off-hand.

Why you need Resinol Ointment

The same soothing, healing, antiseptic properties that make Resinol Ointment so effective for skin eruptions, also make it the ideal household remedy for

Burns Scalds Fevers
Cuts Scratches Cold-sores
Wounds Bruises Stings Sores Ulcers
Bruises Sores Ulcers Irritations

And a score of other troubles which constantly arise in every home, especially where there are children. That is why Resinol Ointment should be on your medicine shelf, ready for immediate use.

Sample free: Your druggist sells sample and a miniature case of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. M.K. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brentwood

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Mix to its Weight. Contains aloes, oil of roses, camphor, etc.

W. N. U. CINCINNATI, NO. 37-1912.

The Methodist Conference made many changes in the ministers, so we have received a big shipment of

TRUNKS!

For their use and any one else who has to move. We sold most all the boys and girls who went to school and we had these trunks rushed to, but they are here and at such prices that the minister will be glad they are going at the can buy one.

Suitcases and bags of all kinds from \$10 cents to \$12.50.

The "awakening of Hobson Richie" is nothing compared to the awakening of the folks around this nook of the woods to the values we give, but also the merit of the merchandise is so superior to the average selling, and why shouldn't we, when we know our business and are not afraid to work? Are you working for something? We are and it's your trade, but we want it honestly."

Geo. H. Frank & Co.
Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.

PUBLIC LEDGER
MAYSVILLE, KY.

Purely Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nelson are at home after an outing at Park Lake.

Dr. Saulsbury, District Chairman of the Bull Moosees, is in the city today.

Mrs. Mary Gilmore of Richmond, Va., is visiting Miss Blanche O'Keefe.

Mr. Frank Hawkes and Dr. Boone Phillips are attending the State Fair at Louisville.

Mr. J. C. Walker, proprietor of Glen Springs, was a welcome visitor in the city this morning.

Misses Julia Piper and Judith Miller of Newport are visiting Miss Bessie Wallingford of East Second street.

Colonel E. A. Robison is on his annual vacation trip, but whether he has gone the deponent knoweth not.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Traxel are home from Louisville, where they attended the Bakers' Convention and the State Fair.

Mrs. W. W. Brock, one of our experienced and valuable City Missionaries, is again at her post, after a much-needed rest.

Rev. Father W. B. Ryan of West Covington and Rev. Father J. P. Cavanaugh of Mayslick were guests of Rev. Father Jones Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Pierce and family of Dayton, Ky., spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Sutton and family at Moransburg.

Hon. W. H. Cox left yesterday morning for Winnipeg, Canada, to attend the annual meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Mrs. C. B. Shelton and two interesting sons, Altman and Delos, of East Third street, attended the Fair at West Union, Ohio, yesterday.

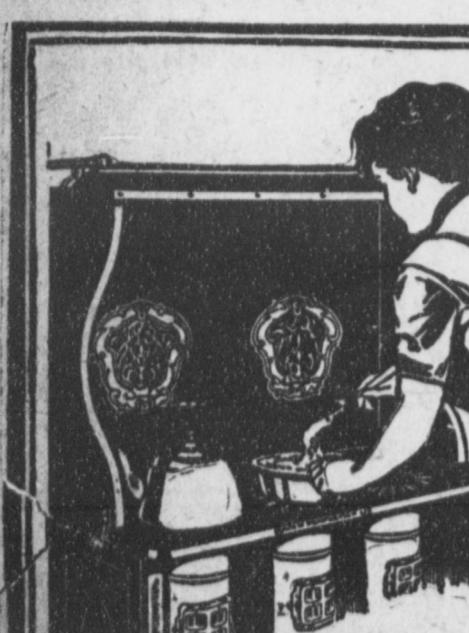
Mrs. Frank P. O'Donnell and son, John Francis, after an extended sojourn in the distant West have returned to their home in Forest avenue.

Mrs. Margaret Gleason of East Second street left this morning for a several weeks visit with relatives and friends in Covington, Dayton, Cincinnati and New Richmond.

Miss Elizabeth Peed, daughter of Mrs. Anna Peed of Fourth street, and Miss Ruth Norris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norris of Fernleaf, have entered Millersburg Female College.

Mrs. Herman Weil and daughter, who have just returned from a summer tour in Europe will arrive in Maysville this afternoon for a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. Lewis Merz in East Second street.

REV. ROGER L. CLARK, Pastor.



The Latest Thing in Stoves

For a midnight supper, as for any other meal at any other time, the very latest thing in stoves—the best that stove-artists can do—is a

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

It concentrates the heat when you want it and where you want it. It is as quick as gas, steadier and handier than coal, cheaper than electricity.

The New Perfection Stove has long, enameled turquoise-blue chimneys. It is handily finished in nickel, copper, tin, top, bottom, sides, towel racks, etc. Made with 1, 2 or 3 burners.

All dealers carry the New Perfection Stove. Free Cook-Book with every stove. Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 5 cents to cover mailing costs.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated in Kentucky)

Covington, Ky.; Louisville, Ky.; Atlanta, Ga.; Birmingham, Ala.; and Jacksonville, Fla.

CHURCH NOTES

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., J. B. Wood Superintendent.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.

The public is cordially invited and will be warmly welcomed to these services.

REV. R. L. BENN, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., A. M. J. Cochran, Superintendent.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

The service at eight closes in time for Dr. Tracy's lecture at Third Street M. E. Church.

Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Thursday night at 7 p. m.

Every one cordially invited.

REV. JOHN BARBOUR, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Morning subject, "The Secret of Pentecost;" evening subject, "The Man in Hiding." Our meeting will begin the first Sunday in October and all the members are urged to be present at both services Sunday. In order to be in the proper condition for the meeting, the pastor will preach each night the last week in this month.

B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

J. M. HAYMORE, Pastor.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Morning service at 10:45 a. m.

Evening service at 7:00 p. m.

The Rev. C. E. Wheat of Griffin, Ga., will preach in the morning. Subject: "The Layman in the Church." The Rector will preach in the evening on "Feeding the Multitude."

All seats free at all services.

REV. J. H. FIELDING, Rector.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

You are cordially invited to all of these services.

REV. M. S. CLARK, Pastor.

THIRD STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Services tomorrow as follows:

Rev. W. W. Shepard, the newly-appointed pastor, will preach tomorrow at 10:45 a. m. All members urged to be present to greet the new pastor.

There will be a union temperance service at 7:30 p. m., under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., with Dr. Tracy as speaker.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., I. M. Lane, Superintendent.

Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. led by J. H. Richardson.

There will be a very important meeting of the Board Monday evening.

Persons calling for these letters will please say that they are advertised.

Below is a list of letters remaining uncalled for at the Maysville (Ky.) Postoffice for the week ending September 11, 1912:

Byrd, Miss Nannie Hills, Miss Martha

Chapman, Clint Mathews, Mrs. Mabel

Collopy, Bill McCarty, Charlie

Dietrich, Ed. Meyers, Mrs. Omar

Dodeon, Jos. D. Morrison, Allie

Edwards, S. D. Panky, Hubert

Elmore, Mrs. Pattie Pugh, J. B.

Fulton, Oscar B. Ramsey, Edward

Gardner, Judge Bunk Warner, Rhoda

Herndon, Lyne Williams, Henry M.

One cent due on each of above.

Persons calling for these letters will please say that they are advertised.

CLARENCE MATHEWS, Postmaster.

REV. W. W. SHEPARD, Pastor.

LAWRENCE, Mrs. Anna

LEWIS, Mrs. Anna

MCINTYRE, Mrs. Anna